

T H E
T O Y - S H O P .

To which are added,

EPISTLES and POEMS
O N
SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

By ROBERT DODSLEY.

A NEW EDITION.



L O N D O N :

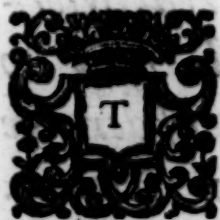
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A N
E P I S T L E
T O A
FRIEND in the COUNTRY.

S I R,



*THE Opinion which you
say has prevailed with
some, that this Piece is
not my own but from a
better Hand, gives me too much
Pleasure to be angry, and would
do me too much Honour to contra-
dict, did it not shew their Want*
A 2 *of*

of Judgment who entertain it. I should be very glad, if I could persuade myself there were any just Grounds in the Merit of the Thing to countenance such an Opinion; but since it has been so favourably received, that I am now to print an Eighth Edition of it, I find I have Pride enough to vindicate to myself any Credit I may receive from it.

You may remember, long before I had the Honour of being known to Mr. POPE, the Regard I had for him; and it was a great Mortification to me, that I used to think myself too inconsiderable ever to merit his Notice or Esteem. However, some Time after I had wrote the Toy-shop, hoping there was something in it which might recommend me to him in a Moral
Ca-

Capacity, at least, tho' not in a Poetical one, I sent to him, and desired his Opinion of it ; expressing some Doubt that, tho' I designed it for the Stage, yet, unless its Novelty would recommend it, I was afraid it would not bear a publick Representation, and therefore had not offered it to the Actors.

In answer to this, I received the following Instance of Mr. POPE's Good-nature and Humanity.

S I R,

Feb. 5, 1732-3.

I Was very willing to read your Piece, and do freely tell you, I like it, as far as my particular Judgment goes. Whether it has Action enough to please on the Stage, I doubt : But the Morality and Satire ought to be relished

A 3

by

by the Reader. I will do more than you ask me ; I will recommend it to Mr. *Rich*. If he can join it to any Play, with suitable Representations, to make it an Entertainment, I believe he will give you a Benefit Night ; and I sincerely wish it may be turned any Way to your Advantage, or that I could shew you my Friendship in any Instance.

I am, &c.

A. POPE.

He was as good as his Word ; he recommended it to Mr. Rich ; by his Interest it was brought upon the Stage ; and by the Indulgence of the Town, it was very favourably received.

This

This is the History of the Toy-Shop ; and I shall always think myself happy in having wrote it, since it first procured me the Favour and Acquaintance of Mr. POPE.

I am, &c.

R. DODSLEY.



Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

MASTER *of the Shop.*

1 }
2 } GENTLEMAN.
3 }
4 }

BEAU.

1 }
2 } OLD MAN

{ Mr. *Chapman.*
{ Mr. *Bridgewater.*
{ Mr. *Wignell.*
{ Mr. *Hallam.*
Mr. *Hale.*
Mr. *Neale.*
{ Mr. *James.*
{ Mr. *Hippesley.*

W O M E N.

1 }
2 } LADY.
3 }
4 }

{ Mrs. *Bullock.*
{ Mrs. *Norfa.*
{ Mrs. *Mullart.*
{ Miss *Binks.*

INTRO-



INTRODUCTION.

Enter a Gentleman and two Ladies.

G E N T L E M A N .



N D you have never been at this extraordinary Toy-Shop, you say, Madam ?

1 La. No, Sir: I have heard of the Man, indeed ; but most People say, he's a very impertinent, silly Fellow.

Gent. That's because he sometimes tells them of their Faults.

1 La. And that's sufficient: I should think any Man impertinent that should pretend to tell me of my Faults, if they did not concern him.

Gent. Yes, Madam. But People that know him take no Exceptions. And really, tho' some may think him impertinent, in my Opinion, he's very entertaining.

2 La. Pray, who is the Man you are talking of ? I never heard of him ?

Gent. He's one who has lately set up a Toy-Shop, Madam, and is, perhaps, the most extraordinary Person in his Way that ever was heard of. He is a general Sa-
tirist

INTRODUCTION.

tirist, yet not rude nor ill-natur'd. He has got a Custom of moralizing upon every Trifle he sells, and will strike a Lesson or Instruction out of a Snuff box, a Thimble, or a Cockle-shell.

1 *La.* Isn't he craz'd?

Gent. Madam, he may be call'd a Humourist; but does not want Sense, I do assure you.

2 *La.* Methinks I should be glad to see him.

Gent. I dare say you will be very much diverted. And, if you'll give me Leave, I'll wait on you. I'm particularly acquainted with him.

2 *La.* What say you, Madam, shall we go?

1 *La.* I can't help thinking he's a Coxcomb; however, to satisfy my Curiosity, I don't care if I do.

Gent. I believe the Coach is at the Door.

2 *La.* I hope he won't affront us.

Gent. He won't designedly, I'm sure, Madam.

[*Exeunt.*



THE



T H E
T O Y - S H O P .

The SCENE opens and discovers the Toy-Shop ; the Master standing behind the Counter looking over his Books.

M A S T E R .



ETHINKS I have had a tolerable good Day of it To-day. A Gold Watch, Five and Thirty Guineas—Let me see—What did that Watch stand me in?—* Where is it? O here—Lent to Lady *Basset* Eighteen Guineas upon her Gold Watch. Ay, she died and never redeemed it.—A Set of old China, Five Pounds,—Bought of an old Cloaths Man for Five Shillings. Right. A curious Shell for a Snuff-box, Two Guineas.—Bought of a poor Fisher-boy for a Half-penny. Now, if I had offered that Shell for Six-pence, nobody would have bought it. Well, Thanks to the
whimfical

* *Turning to another Book backwards and forwards.*

whimsical Extravagance and Folly of Mankind. I believe, from these childish Toys, and gilded Baubles, I shall pick up a comfortable Maintainance. For; really, as it is a trifling Age, so nothing but Trifles are valued in it. Men read none but trifling Authors, pursue none but trifling Amusements, and contend for none but trifling Opinions. A trifling Fellow is preferr'd; a trifling Woman admir'd. Nay, as if there were not real Trifles enow, they now make Trifles of the most serious and valuable Things. Their Time, their Health, their Money, their Reputation, are trifled away. Honesty is become a Trifle, Conscience a Trifle, Honour a mere Trifle, and Religion the greatest Trifle of all.

Enter the Gentleman and two Ladies.

Maft. Sir, your humble Servant; I'm very glad to see you.

Gent. Sir, I am yours. I have brought you some Customers here.

Maft. You are very good, Sir. What do you please to want, Ladies?

1 La. Please to want! People seldom please to want any thing, Sir.

Maft. O dear, Madam, yes; I always imagine when People come into a Toy-Shop, it must be for something they please to want.

2 La. Here is a mighty pretty Looking-glass: Pray Sir, what's the Price of it?

Maft. This Looking-glass, Madam, is the finest in all *England*. In this Glass a Coquet may see her Vanity, and a Prude her Hypocrisy, Some Ladies may see more Beauty than Modesty, more Airs than Graces, and more Wit than Good-nature.

1 La. [*Aside.*] He begins already.

Maft. If a Beau was to buy this Glass, and look earnestly in it, he might see his Folly almost as soon as his Finery. 'Tis true, some People may not see their Generosity in it, nor others their Charity, yet it is a very clear Glass. Some fine Gentlemen may not see their

Good-manners in it, perhaps, nor some Parsons their Religion, yet it is a very clear Glass. In short, tho' every one that passes for a Maid should not happen to see a Virgin in it, yet it may be a very clear Glass, you know, for all that.

2 *La.* Yes, Sir, but I did not ask you the Virtues of it; I asked you the Price.

Maft. It was necessary to tell you the Virtues, Madam, in order to prevent your scrupling the Price, which is Five Guineas; and for so extraordinary a Glass, in my Opinion, it is but a Trifle.

2 *La.* Lord, I'm afraid to look in it, methinks, lest it should shew me more of my Faults than I care to see.

1 *La.* Pray, Sir, what can be the Use of this very diminutive Piece of Goods here?

Maft. This Box, Madam? In the first place, it is a very great Curiosity, being the least Box that ever was seen in *England*.

1 *La.* Then a very little Curiosity had been more proper.

Maft. Right, Madam. Yet, would you think it? in this same little Box, a Courtier may deposit his Sincerity, a Lawyer may screw up his Honesty, and a Poet may hoard his Money.

Gent. Ha! ha! I will make a Present of it to Mr. *Stanza* for the very same Purpose.

2 *La.* Here's a fine Perspective. Now, I think, Madam, in the Country these are a very pretty Amusement.

Maft. Oh, Madam, the most useful and diverting Things imaginable, either in Town or Country. The Nature of this Glass, Madam, (pardon my Impertinence in pretending to tell you what to be sure you are as well acquainted with as myself) is this; If you look through it at this End, every Object is magnified, brought near, and discern'd with the greatest Plainness; but turn it the other Way, do you see, and they are all lessened, cast at a great Distance, and rendered almost imperceptible. Thro' this End it is that we look at our own Faults; but

when other People are to be examined, we are ready enough to turn the other. Thro' this End are viewed all the Benefits and Advantages we at any time receive from others ; but if ever we happen to confer any, they are sure to be shewn in their greatest Magnitude thro' the other. Through this End we enviously darken and contract the Virtue, the Merit, the Beauty of all the World around us ; but fondly compliment our own with the most agreeable and advantageous Light thro' the other.

2 *La.* Why, Sir, methinks you are a new Kind of a fatirical Parson ; your Shop is your Scripture, and every Piece of Goods a different Text, from which you expose the Vices and Follies of Mankind in a very fine allegorical Sermon.

Maß. Right, Madam, right ; I thank you for the Simile. I may be called a Parson, indeed, and am a very good one in my way. I take delight in my Calling, and am never better pleased than to see a full Congregation. Yet it happens to me, as it does to most of my Brethren, People sometimes vouchsafe to take home the Text, perhaps, but mind the Sermon no more than if they had not heard one.

1 *La.* Why, Sir, when a short Text has more in it than a long Sermon, it's no Wonder if they do.

Enter a third Lady.

3 *La.* Pray Sir, let me look at some of your little Dogs.

2 *La.* [*Aside.*] Little Dogs ! My Stars ! how cheaply some People are entertained ! Well, it's a Sign human Conversation is grown low and insipid, whilst that of Dogs and Monkies is prefer'd to it.

Maß. Here are very beautiful Dogs, Madam. These Dogs, when they were alive, were some of them the greatest Dogs of their Age. I don't mean the largest, but Dogs of the greatest Quality and Merit.

1 *La.* I love a *Dog of Merit* dearly ; Has not he a *Dog of Honour* too, I wonder ? [*Aside.*]

Maß.

Maſt. Here's a Dog now that never eat but upon Plate or China, nor ſet his Foot but upon a Carpet or a Cuſhion. Here's one too; this Dog belonged to a Lady of as great Beauty and Fortune as any in *England*; he was her moſt intimate Friend and particular Favourite; and upon that Account has received more Compliments, more Reſpect, and more Addreſſes, than a Firſt Miniſter of State. Here's another, which was, doubtleſs, a Dog of ſingular Worth and great Importance, ſince, at his Death, one of the greateſt Families in the Kingdom were all in Tears, received no Viſits for the Space of a Week, but ſhut themſelves up and mourn'd their loſs with inſoluble Sorrow. This Dog, while he lived, either for Contempt of his Perſon, Neglect of his Buſineſs, or ſaucy and impertinent Behaviours in their Attendance on him, had the Honour of turning away upwards of thirty Servants. He died at laſt of a Cold caught by following one of the Maids into a damp Room, for which ſhe loſt her Place, her Wages, and her Character.

3 *La.* O the careleſs, wicked Wretch! I would have had her tryed for Murder at leaſt. That, that is juſt my Caſe! The ſad Relation revives my Grief ſo ſtrongly, I cannot contain. *Lucy*, bring in the Box. * See! ſee the charming Creature, here lies dead! Its precious Life is gone! Oh, my dear *Chloe*, no more wilt thou lie hugg'd in my warm Boſom! no more will that ſweet Tongue lick o'er my Face, nor that dear Mouth eat dainty Bits from mine. Oh, Death, what haſt thou robbed me of?

Gent. [*Aſide.*] A proper Object to diſplay your Folly!

Maſt. Pray, Madam, moderate your Grief; you ought to thank Heaven 'tis not your Huſband.

3 *La.* Oh, what is Huſband, Father, Mother, Son, to my dear precious *Chloe*! ——— No, no, I cannot

B 2

live

* Here her Maid enters and delivers a Box, from which the Lady pulls out a dead Dog, kiſſing it, and weeping. *Lucy* too pretends great Sorrow, but turning aſide burſts out a laughing, and cries, She little thinks I poiſon'd it.

live without the Sight of his dear Image ; and if you cannot make me the exact Effigies of this poor dead Creature, I must never hope to see one happy Day in Life.

Maft. Well, Madam, be comforted, I will do it to your Satisfaction [*Taking the Box.*]

3 *La.* Let me have one Look more. Poor Creature ! O cruel Fate, that Dogs are born to die !

[*Exit weeping.*]

Gent. What a Scene is here ! Are not the real and unavoidable Evils of Life sufficient, that People thus create themselves imaginary Woes ?

Maft. These, Sir, are the Grievs of those who have no other. Did they once truly feel the real Miseries of Life, ten thousand Dogs might die without a Tear.

Enter a second Gentleman.

2 *Gent.* I want an Ivory Pocket-book.

Maft. Do you please to have it with Directions or without ?

2 *Gent.* Directions ! what, how to use it ?

Maft. Yes, Sir.

2 *Gent.* I should think every Man's own Business his best Direction.

Maft. It may be so. Yet there are some general Rules which it equally behoves every Man to be acquainted with. As for Instance: Always to make a Memorandum of the Benefits you receive from others ; always to set down the Faults or Failings which from Time to Time you discover in yourself. And, if you remark any thing that is ridiculous or faulty in others, let it not be with an ill-natured Design to hurt or expose them, at any Time, but with a *Nota bene*, That it is only for a Caution to yourself, not to be guilty of the like. With a great many other Rules of such a Nature as makes one of my Pocket-books both a useful Monitor, and a very entertaining Companion.

2 *Gent.* And pray, what's the Price of one of them ?

Maft. The Price is a Guinea, Sir.

2 *Gent.*

2 *Gent.* That's very dear. But as it is a Curiosity——
[*Pays for it, and Exit.*]

Enter a Beau.

Beau. Pray, Sir, let me see some of your handsomest Snuff-boxes.

- *Maſt.* Here's a plain Gold one, Sir, a very neat Box ; here's a Gold enamelled ; here's a Silver one neatly carv'd and gilt ; here's a curious Shell, Sir, ſet in Gold.

Beau. Damn your Shells; there's not one of them fit for a Gentleman to put his Fingers into. I want one with some pretty Device on the inside of the Lid; something that may serve to joke upon, or help one to an Occasion to be witty, that is, smutty, now and then.

Maft. And are witty and finatty then fynonymous
Terms?

Beau. O dear, Sir, yes; a little decent Smut is the very Life of all Conversation; 'tis the Wit of Drawing-rooms, Assemblies, and Tea-tables; 'tis the smart Raillery of fine Gentlemen, and the innocent Freedom of fine Ladies; 'tis a *Double Entendre*, at which the Coquet laughs, the Prude looks grave, the Modest blush, but all are pleased with.

Maſt. That it is the Wit and Entertainment of all Converſation, I believe, Sir, may, poſſibly, be a Miſtake. 'Tis true, thoſe who are ſo rude as to uſe it in all Converſations, may poſſibly be ſo depraved themſelves, as to fancy every body elſe as agreeably entertained in hearing it, as they are in uttering it: But I dare ſay, any Man or Woman of real Virtue and Modeſty, has as little Taſte for ſuch Ribaldry, as thoſe Coxcombs have for what is good Senſe, or true Politenefs.

Beau. Good Sense, Sir! Damme, Sir, what do you mean? I would have you think, I know good Sense as well as any Man. Good Sense is a true—a right—a—a—a—Damn it, I scorn to be so pedantick as to make Definitions; but I can invent a

cramp Oath, Sir ; drink a smutty Health, Sir, ridicule Priests, laugh at all Religion, and make such a grave Prig as you look just like a Fool, Sir. Now, damme, I take that to be good Sense.

Mast. And I, unmov'd, can hear such senseless Ridicule, and look upon its Author with an Eye of Pity and Contempt. And I take this to be good Sense.

Beau. Pshaw, pshaw, damn'd Hypocrisy and Affectation ; nothing else, nothing else. *[Exit.]*

Mast. There is nothing so much my Aversion as a Coxcomb. They are a Ridicule upon human Nature, and make one almost asham'd to be of the same Species. And, for that Reason, I can't forbear affronting them, whenever they fall in my Way. I hope the Ladies will excuse such Behaviour in their Presence.

2 La. Indeed, Sir, I wish we had always somebody to treat them with such Behaviour in our Presence. 'Twould be much more agreeable than their Impertinence.

Enter a young Gentleman.

3 Gent. I Want a plain Gold Ring, Sir, exactly this Size.

Mast. Then, 'tis not for yourself, Sir ?

3 Gent. No.

Mast. A Wedding-Ring, I presume.

3 Gent. No, Sir ; I thank you kindly ; that's a Toy I never design to play with. 'Tis the most dangerous Piece of Goods in your whole Shop. People are perpetually doing themselves a Mischief with it. They hang themselves fast together first, and afterwards are ready to hang themselves separately, to get loose again.

1 La. This is but a fashionable Cant. I'll be hang'd if this pretended Railer at Matrimony is not just upon the Point of making some poor Woman miserable. *[Aside.]*

3 Gent. Well ——— happy are we whilst we are Children ; we can then lay down one Toy and take up another, and please ourselves with Variety : but growing more foolish, as we grow older, there's no Toy will please

please us then but a Wife; and that, indeed, as it is a Toy for Life, so it is all Toys in one. She is a Rattle in a Man's Ears which he cannot throw aside; a Drum which is perpetually beating him a Point of War; a Top which he ought to whip for his Exercise; for like that, she is best when lash'd to Sleep; a Hobby-Horse for the Booby to ride on when the Maggot takes him; a——

Maft. You may go on, Sir, in this ludicrous Strain, if you please, and fancy 'tis Wit; but in my Opinion, a good Wife is the greatest Blessing, and the most valuable Possession, that Heaven, in this Life, can bestow. She makes the Cares of the World sit easy, and adds a Sweetness to its Pleasures; she is a Man's best Companion in Prosperity, and his only Friend in Adversity; the carefullest Preserver of his Health, and the kindest Attendant on his Sickness; a faithful Adviser in Distress, a Comforter in Affliction, and a prudent Manager of all his domestic Affairs.

2 La. Charming Doctrine! *[Aside.*

3 Gent. Well, Sir, since I find you so staunch an Advocate for Matrimony, I confess 'tis a Wedding Ring I want; the Reason why I deny'd it, and of what I said in Ridicule of Marriage, was only to avoid the Ridicule which I expected from you upon it.

Maft. Why, that now is just the Way of the World in every Thing, especially amongst young People: They are ashamed to do a good Action, because it is not a fashionable one; and, in Compliance with Custom, act contrary to their own Conscience. They displease themselves, to please the Coxcombs of the World, and chuse rather to be Objects of divine Wrath, than human Ridicule.

3 Gent. 'Tis very true, indeed. There is not one Man in ten Thousand that dare be virtuous, for fear of being singular. 'Tis a Weakness which I have hitherto been too much guilty of myself; but for the future, I am resolv'd upon a more steady Rule of Action.

Maft. I am very glad of it. Here's your Ring, Sir, I think it comes to about a Guinea.

3 Gent. There's the Money.

1

Maft.

Maft. Sir, I wish you all the Joy that a good Wife can give you.

3 Gent. I thank you, Sir.

1 La. Well, Sir, but after all, don't you think Marriage a kind of desperate Venture?

Maft. It is a desperate Venture, Madam, to be fure. But, provided there be a tolerable Share of Sense and Difcretion on the Man's Part, and of Mildnefs and Condefcension on the Woman's, there is no Danger of leading as happy and comfortable a Life in that State, as in any other.

Enter a Fourth Lady.

4 La. I want a Mask, Sir, have you got any?

Maft. No, Madam, I have not one, indeed. The People of this Age are arrived at fuch Perfection in the Art of masking themselves, that they have no Occasion for any foreign Disguifes at all. You fhall find Infidelity mask'd in a Gown and Caffock; and Wantonnefs and Immodesty under a blushing Countenance. Oppreffion is veil'd under the Name of Juftice; and Fraud and Cunning under that of Wifdom. The Fool is mask'd under an affected Gravity; and the vileft Hypocrite under the greateft Professions of Sincerity. The Flatterer paffes upon you under the Air of a Friend; and he that now hugs you in his Bosom, for a Shilling would cut your Throat. Calumny and Detraction impofe themselves upon the World for Wit; and an eternal Laugh would fain be thought Good-nature. An humble Demeanour is afsumed from a Principle of Pride; and the Wants of the Indigent relieved out of Oftentation. In fhort, Worthlefsnefs and Villainy are oft difguifed and dignified in Gold and Jewels, whilft Honefty and Merit lie hid under Rags and Mifery. The whole World is in a Mask; and it is impoffible to fee the natural Face of any one Individual.

4 La.

4 *La.* That's a Mistake, Sir; you yourself are an Instance, that no Disguise will hide a Coxcomb; and so your humble Servant. [Exit.

Maſt. Humph! — Have I but just now been exclaiming against Coxcombs; and am I accused of being one myself? Well — we can none of us see the ridiculous Part of our own Characters. Could we but once learn to criticise ourselves, and to find out and expose to ourselves our own weak sides, it would be the surest means to conceal them from the Criticism of others. But I would fain hope I am not a Coxcomb, methinks, whatever I am else.

Gent. I suppose you have said something which her Conscience would not suffer her to pass over without making the ungrateful Application to herself; and that, as it often happens, instead of awaking in her a sense of her Fault, has only served to put her in a Passion.

Maſt. May be so indeed: At least I am willing to think so.

Enter an Old Man.

O. M. I want a pair of Spectacles, Sir.

Maſt. Do you please to have them plain Tortoiseshell, or set in gold or Silver?

O. M. Pho! Do you think I buy Spectacles as your fine Gentlemen buy Books? If I wanted a Pair of Spectacles only to look at, I would have 'em fine ones; but as I want them too look with, do you see, I'll have them good ones.

Maſt. Very well, Sir. Here's a Pair I'm sure will please you. Thro' these Spectacles all the Follies of Youth are seen in their true Light. Those Vices which to the strongest youthful Eyes appear in Characters scarce legible, are, thro' these Glasses, discern'd with the greatest Plainness. A powdered Wig upon an empty Head, attracts no more respect thro' these Opticks than a greasy Cap; and the laced Coat of a Coxcomb seems altogether as contemptible as his Footman's Livery.

O. M.

O. M. That, indeed, is shewing Things in their true Light.

Maſt. The common Virtue of the World appears only a Cloak for Knavery; and its Friendſhips, no more than Bargains of Self-interest. In ſhort, he who is now paſſing away his Days in a conſtant Round of Vanity, Folly, Intemperance, and Extravagance, when he comes ſeriously to look back upon his paſt Actions, through theſe undiſguiſing Opticks, will certainly be convinced, that a regular Life, ſpent in the Study of Truth and Virtue, and adorned with Acts of Juſtice, Generoſity, Charity, and Benevolence, would not only have afforded him more Delight and Satisfaction in the preſent Moment, but would likewiſe have raiſed to his Memory a laſting Monument of Fame and Honour.

O. M. Humph! 'Tis very true; but very odd that ſuch ſerious Ware ſhould be the Commodity of a Toy-Shop. [*Aſide.*] Well, Sir, and what's the Price of theſe extraordinary Spectacles?

Maſt. Half a Crown.

O. M. There's your Money.

[*Exit.*]

Enter a Fourth young Gentleman.

4 *Gent.* I want a Pair of Scales.

Maſt. You ſhall have them, Sir.

4 *Gent.* Are they exactly true?

Maſt. The very Emblem of Juſtice, Sir; a Hair will turn them.

[*Ballancing the Scales.*]

4 *Gent.* I would have them true, for they muſt determine ſome very nice ſtatical Experiments.

Maſt. I'll engage they ſhall juſtly determine the nicest Experiments in Staticks. I have try'd them myſelf in ſome uncommon Subjects, and have prov'd their Goodneſs. I have taken a large Handful of Great Men's Promiſes, and put into one End; and lo! the Breath of a Fly in the other has kicked up the Beam. I have ſeen four Peacock's Feathers, and the four Gold Clocks in

Lord

Lord *Tawdry's* Stockings, suspend the Scales in Equilibrium. I have found by Experience, that the Learning of a Beau, and the Wit of a Pedant, are a just Counterpoise to each other; that the Pride and Vanity of any Man are in exact Proportion to his Ignorance; that a Grain of Good-nature will preponderate against an Ounce of Wit; a Heart full of Virtue, against a Head full of Learning; and a Thimble full of Content against a Chest full of Gold.

4 *Gent.* This must be a very pretty Science, I fancy.

Maſt. It would be endless to enumerate all the Experiments that might be made in these Scales; but there is one which every Man ought to be appriz'd of; and that is, that a moderate Fortune, enjoy'd with Content, Freedom, and Independency, will turn the Scales against whatever can be put in the other End.

Gent. Well, this is a Branch of Staticks, which I must own, I had but little Thought of entering into. However I begin to be persuaded, that to know the true Specifick Gravity of this Kind of Subjects, is of infinitely more importance than that of any other Bodies in the Universe.

Maſt. It is indeed. And that you may not want Encouragement to proceed in so useful a Study, I will let you have the Scales for Ten Shillings. If you make a right use of them, they will be worth more to you than ten Thousand Pounds.

4 *Gent.* I confess I am struck with the Beauty and Usefulness of this Kind of moral Staticks, and believe I shall apply myself to make Experiments with great Delight. There's your Money, Sir: You shall hear shortly what Discoveries I make; in the mean time I am your humble Servant.

[*Exit.*

Maſt. Sir, I am your's.

Enter

Enter a Second Old Man.

2 O. M. Sir, I understand you deal in Curiosities. Have you any Thing in your Shop, at present, that's pretty and curious?

Mast. Yes, Sir, I have a great many Things: But the most ancient Curiosity I have got, is a small Brass Plate, on which is engrav'd the Speech which *Adam* made to his Wife on their first Meeting, together with her Answer. The Characters, thro' Age, are grown unintelligible; but for that tis the more to be valued. What is remarkable in this ancient Piece is, that *Eve's* Speech is about three Times as long as her Husband's. I have a Ram's Horn, one of those which help'd to blow down the Walls of *Jericho*. A Lock of *Sampson's* Hair, tied up in a Shred of *Joseph's* Garment. With several other *Jewish* Antiquities, which I purchased of that People at a very great Price. Then I have the Tune which *Orpheus* play'd to the Devil when he charm'd back his Wife.

Gent. That was thought to be a silly Tune, I believe, for no-body has ever cared to learn it.

Mast. Close corked up in a Thumb Phial, I have some of the Tears which *Alexander* wept, because he could do no more Mischief. I have a Snuff-box made out of the Tub in which *Diogenes* liv'd, and took Snuff at all the World. I have the Net in which *Vulcan* caught his Spouse and her Gallant: but our modern Wives are grown so exceeding chaste, that there has not been an Opportunity of casting it these many Years.

Gent. Some would be so malicious as, instead of chaste, to think he meant cunning. *[Aside to the Ladies.]*

Mast. I have the Pitch-Pipe of *Gracchus* the Roman Orator, who being apt, in Dispute, to raise his Voice too high, by touching a certain soft Note in this Pipe, would regulate and keep it in a moderate Key.

2 *La.* Such a Pipe as that, if it could be heard, would be very useful in Coffee-Houses, and other Publick Places of Debate and modern Disputation.

Gent. Yes, Madam, and, I believe, many a poor Husband would be glad of such a Regulator of the Voice in his own private Family too.

Mast. There you was even with her, Sir. — But the most valuable Curiosity I have, is a certain little Tube, which I call a *Distinguisber*; contriv'd with such Art, that, when rightly applied to the Ear, it obstructs all Falshood, Nonsense, and Absurdity, from striking upon the Tympanum: Nothing but Truth and Reason can make the least Impression upon the Auditory Nerves. I have sat in a Coffee-house sometimes, for the Space of Half an Hour, and amongst what is generally called the best Company, without hearing a single Word. At a Dispute too, when I could perceive, by the eager Motions of both Parties, that they made the greatest Noise, I have enjoyed the most profound Silence. It is a very useful Thing to have about one, either at Church, Play-house, or Westminster-Hall; at all which Places a vast Variety both of useful and diverting Experiments may be made with it. The only Inconvenience attending it is, that no man can make himself a complete Master of it under Twenty Years close and diligent Practice. And that Term of Time is best commenced at Ten or Twelve Years old.

Gent. That, indeed, is an Inconvenience that will make it not every Body's Money. But one would think those Parents, who see the Beauty and the Usefulness of Knowledge, Virtue, and a distinguishing Judgment, should take particular Care to engage their Children early in the Use and Practice of such a *Distinguisber*, whilst they have Time before them, and no other Concerns to interrupt their Application.

Mast. Some few do. But the Generality are so entirely taken up with the Care of little Master's Complexion, his Dress, his Dancing, and such like Effeminacies, that they have not the least Regard for any internal Accomplishments whatsoever: And are so far

from teaching him to subdue his Passions, that they make it their whole Business to gratify them all.

2 O. M. Well, Sir ; to some People these may be thought curious Things, perhaps, and a very valuable Collection. But, to confess the Truth, these are not the Sort of curious Things I wanted. Have you no little Box, representing a wounded Heart, on the Inside the Lid ? Nor pretty Ring, with an amorous Poesy ? Nothing of that Sort, which is pretty and not common, in your Shop ?

Mast. O yes, Sir ! I have a pretty Snuff-box here ; on the Inside of the Lid, do you see, is a Man of Threescore and Ten acting the Lover, and hunting, like a Boy, after Gewgaws and Trifles, to please a Girl with.

2 O. M. Meaning me, Sir ? Do you banter me, Sir ?

Mast. If you take it to yourself, Sir, I can't help it.

2 O. M. And is a Person of my Years and Gravity to be laugh'd at ?

Mast. Why, really, Sir, Years and Gravity do make such Childishness very ridiculous, I can't help owning. However, I am very sorry I have none of those curious Trifles for your Diversion ; but I have delicate Hobby-Horses and Rattles if you please.

2 O. M. By all the Charms of *Araminta*, I will revenge this Affront. [Exit.

Gent. Ha ! ha ! ha ! How contemptible is Rage in Impotence ! But, pray, Sir, don't you think this kind of Freedom with your Customers detrimental to your Trade ?

Mast. No, no, Sir ; the odd Character I have acquired by this rough kind of Sincerity and Plain-dealing, together with the whimsical Humour of moralizing upon every Trifle I sell ; are the Things, which, by raising People's Curiosity, furnish me with all my Customers : And it is only Fools and Coxcombs I am so free with.

1 La. And, in my Opinion, you are in the right of it. Folly and Impertinence ought always to be the Objects of Satire and Ridicule.

Gent.

Gent. Nay, upon second Thoughts, I don't know but this odd Turn of Mind, which you have given yourself, may not only be entertaining to several of your Customers, but perhaps, very much so to yourself.

Maſt. Vastly ſo, Sir. It very often helps me to Speculations infinitely agreeable. I can ſit behind this Counter, and fancy my little Shop, and the Transactions of it, an agreeable Representation of the grand Theatre of the World. When I ſee a Fool come in here, and throw away Fifty or an Hundred Guineas for a Trifle that is not really worth a Shilling, I am surpriz'd. But when I look out into the World, and ſee Lordſhips and Manors barter'd away for gilt Coaches and Equipage; an Eſtate for a Title; and an eaſy Freedom in Retirement for a ſervile Attendance in a Crowd; when I ſee Health with Eagernels exchanged for Diſeaſes, and Happineſs for a Game at Hazard; my Wonder ceaſes. Surely the World is a great Toy-shop, and all its Inhabitants run mad for Rattles. Nay, even the very wiſeſt of us, however we may flatter ourſelves, have ſome Failing or Weakneſs, ſome Toy or Trifle, that we are ridiculouslly fond of: Yet, ſo very partial are we to our own dear ſelves, that we overlook thoſe Miſcarriages in our own Conduct, which we loudly exclaim againſt in that of others; and, tho' the ſame Fool's Turbant fits us all.

You ſay that I, I ſay that you are He,

And each man ſwears, "The Cap's not made for Me."

Gent. Ha! ha! 'Tis very true, indeed. But I imagine now you begin to think it Time to ſhut up Shop, Ladies, do you want any thing elſe?

La. No, I think not.—If you pleaſe to put up that Looking glaſs, and the Perſpective, I will pay you for them.

Gent. Well, Madam, how do you like this whimſical Humouriſt?

La. Why, really, in my Opinion, the Man's as great a Curioſity himſelf as any Thing he has got in his Shop.

Gent. He is ſo, indeed.

*In this gay, thoughtless Age, he's found a way,
 In trifling Things just Morals to convey;
 'Tis his at once to please, and to reform,
 And give old Satire a new Power to charm.
 And, would you guide your Lives and Actions right,
 Think on the Maxims you have heard To-night.*



EPILOGUE.

*WELL, Heav'n be prais'd, this dull, grave Sermon's
 done;*

(For faith our Author might have called it one.)

I wonder who the Devil he thought to please!

Is this a Time o' Day for Things like these?

Good Sense and honest Satire now offend;

We're grown too wise to learn, too proud to mend.

And so divinely wrapt in Songs and Tunes,

The next wise Age will all be — Fiddlers Sons.

And did he think plain Truth would Favour find?

Ah! 'tis a Sign he little knows Mankind!

To please, he ought to have a Song or Dance,

The Tune from Italy, the Caper France:

These, these might charm — But hope to do't with Sense!

Alas! alas! how vain is the Pretence!

But, tho' we told him, — Faith, 't will never do —

Pho! never fear, he cry'd, tho' grave, 'tis now:

The Whim, perhaps, may please, if not the Wit,

And, tho' they don't approve, they may permit.

If neither this nor that will intercede,

Submissive bend, and thus for Pardon plead.

"Ye gen'rous Few, to you our Author.sues,

" His first Essay with Candour to excuse,

" 'T has Faults, he owns, but if they are but small,

" He hopes your kind Applause will hide them all.



EPISTLES

AND

POEMS

ON

Several Occasions.

An Epistle to Mr. *POPE*, occasion'd by his
ESSAY ON MAN.



REAT Bard! in whom united we
admire,
The Sage's Wisdom, and the Poet's
Fire:
And whom at once the Great and Good
commend,
A safe Companion, and a useful
Friend:—

*'Twas thus the Muse her eager Flight began,
Ardent to sing the Poet and the Man:
But Truth in Verse is clad too like a Lie,
And you, at least, would think it Flattery;
Hating the Thought, I check my forward Strain,
I change my Style, and thus began again.*

As when some Student first with curious Eye,
Thro' Nature's wond'rous Frame attempts to pry :
His doubtful Reason seeming Faults surprisè,
He asks, if This be just ? if That be wise ?
Storms, Tempests, Earthquakes, Virtue in Distress,
And Vice unpunish'd, with strange Thoughts oppress :
Till thinking on, unclouded by Degrees,
His Mind is open'd, fair is all he sees ;
Storms, Tempests, Earthquakes, Virtue's ragged Plight,
And Vice's Triumph, all are just and right :
Beauty is found, and Order, and Design,
And the whole Scheme acknowledg'd all divine.

So when at first I view'd thy wond'rous Plan,
Leading thro' all the winding Maze of Man ;
Bewilder'd, weak, unable to pursue,
My Pride would fain have laid the Fault on Y O U.
This false, that ill-exprest, this Thought not good,
And all was wrong which I misunderstood.
But reading more attentive, soon I found,
'The Diction nervous, and the Doctrine sound.
Saw Man, a Part of that stupendous Whole,
" *Whose Body Nature is, and God the Soul.*"
Saw in the Scale of Things his middle State,
And all his Powers adapted just to That.
Saw Reason, Passion, Weakness, how of Use,
How all to Good, to Happiness conduce.
Saw my own Weakness, thy superior Power,
And still the more I read, admire thee more.

*This Simile drawn out, I now began
To think of forming some Design or Plan,
To aid my Muse, and guide her wond'ring Lay,
When sudden to my Mind came honest GAY.
For Form or Method I no more contend,
But strive to copy that ingenious Friend : ||
Like him to catch my Thoughts just as they rose —————
And thus I caught them, laughing at thy Foes.*

Where

|| In his first Epistle.

Where are you now——ye Criticks, shall I say?
 Or Owls, who sicken at this God of Day?
 What! mighty Scriblers, will you let him go
 Uncensur'd, unabus'd, unhonour'd so?
 Step forth some great distinguish'd daring Dunce,
 Write but one Page, you silence him at once:
 Write without Fear; you will, you must succeed;
 He cannot answer——for he will not read.

*Here paus'd the Muse——alas, the Jade is bit,
 She fain would copy GAY, but wants his Wit.
 She paus'd, indeed——broke off as he had done,
 Wrote four unmeaning Lines, and then went on.*

Ye Wits, and Fools; ye Libertines, and Saints,
 Come pour upon the Foe your joint Complaints.
 First, you who oft with Wisdom too refined,
 Can censure and direct th' ETERNAL MIND,
 Ingenious Wits, who modestly pretend
 This bungling Frame, the Universe, to mend;
 How can you bear, in your great Reason's Spight,
 To hear him prove, "*Whatever is, is Right?*"
 Alas! how easy to confute the Song!
 If all is right, how came your Heads so wrong?

And come, ye solemn Fools, a numerous Band,
 Who read, and read, but never understand,
 Pronounce it Nonsense——Can't you prove it too?
 Good Faith, my Friends, it may be so——to *You*.

Come too, ye Libertines, who lust for Power,
 Or Wealth, or Fame, or Greatness, or a Whore;
 All who true sensual Happiness adhere to,
 And laugh him out of this old-fashion'd Virtue:
 Virtue, where he has whimsically plac'd
 Your only Bliss——How odd is some Men's Taste!

And come, ye rigid Saints, with Looks demure,
 Who boast yourselves right holy, just, and pure;

Come, and with pious Zeal the Lines decry,
Which gave your proud Hypocrisy the Lie :
Which own the best have Failings, not a few ;
And prove the worst, sometimes, as good as *You*.

What ? shall he taint such perfect Souls with Ill ?
Shall Sots not place their Bliss in what they will ?
Nor Fools be Fools ? Nor Wits sublime descend
In Charity to Heaven its Works to mend ?
Laughs he at these ? — 'Tis monstrous. To be plain,
I'd have you write — He can but laugh again.

*Here lifting up my Head, surpriz'd, I see
Close at my Elbow, flattering Vanity.
From her soft Whispers soon I found it came,
That I supposed myself not one of Them.
Alas ! how easily ourselves we sooth !
I fear, in Justice, he must laugh at both.*

*For Vanity abash'd, up to my Ear
Steps honest Truth, and these harsh Words I hear ;
" Forbear, vain Bard, like them forbear thy Lays ;
" Alike to POPE such Censure, and such Praise,
" Nor that can sink, nor this exalt his Name,
" Who owes to Virtue, and himself, his Fame.*

MODERN REASONING.

An EPISTLE to Mr. L——.

WHENCE comes it, *L——*, that ev'ry Fool,
 In Reason's spite, in spite of Ridicule,
 Fondly his own wild Whims for Truth maintains,
 And all the blind deluded World disdains ;
 Himself the only Person blest with Sight,
 And his Opinion the great Rule of Right ?

'Tis strange, from Folly this Conceit should rise,
 That want of Sense should make us think we're wise :
 Yet so it is. The most egregious Elf
 Thinks none so wise or witty as himself.
 Who nothing knows, will all Things comprehend ;
 And who can least confute, will most contend.

I love the Man, I love him from my Soul,
 Whom neither Weakness blinds, nor Whims controul ;
 With Learning blest, with solid Reason fraught,
 Who slowly thinks, and ponders every Thought ;
 Yet conscious to himself how apt to err,
 Suggests his Notions with a modest Fear ;
 Hears every Reason, every Passion hides,
 Debates with Calmness, and with Care decides ;
 More pleas'd to learn, than eager to confute,
 Not Victory, but Truth his sole Pursuit.

But these are very rare. How happy he
 Who tastes such Converse, *L——*, with thee !
 Each social Hour is spent in Joys sublime,
 Whilst Hand in Hand o'er Learning's *Alps* you climb ;
 Thro' Reason's Paths in search of Truth proceed,
 And clear the Flow'ry Way from every Weed ;
 'Till from her antient Cavern raised to Light,
 The beauteous Stranger stands reveal'd to Sight.

How far from this the furious noisy Crew,
 Who, what they once assert, with Zeal pursue ?

Their

Their greater Right infer from louder Tongues ;
 And Strength of Argument from Strength of Lungs.
 Instead of Sense, who stun your Ears with Sound,
 And think they conquer, when they but confound.
Taurus, a bellowing Champion, storms and swears,
 And drives his Argument thro' both your Ears ;
 And whether Truth or Falshood, Right or Wrong,
 'Tis still maintain'd, and prov'd by Dint of—Tongue ;
 In all Disputes he bravely wins the Day,
 No wonder — for he hears not what you say.

But tho' to tire the Ear's sufficient Curse,
 To tire one's Patience is a Plague still worse.
Prato, a formal Sage, debates with Care,
 A strong Opponent, take him up who dare.
 His Words are grave, deliberate, and cool,
 He looks so wise — 'tis pity he's a Fool.
 If he asserts, tho' what no Man can doubt,
 He'll bring ten thousand Proofs to make it out.
 This, this and this — is so, and so, and so ;
 And therefore, therefore — That, and That, you know.
 Circles no Angles have ; a Square has four :
 A Square's no Circle therefore — to be sure.
 The Sum of *Prato's* wond'rous Wisdom is,
 This is not That, and therefore, That not This.

Oppos'd to him, but much the greater Dunce,
 Is he who throws all Knowledge off at once.
 The first, for every Trifle will contend ;
 But this has no Opinions to defend.
 In Fire no Heat, no Sweetness in the Rose,
 The Man impos'd on by his very Nose :
 Nor Light nor Colour charms his doubting Eye,
 The World's a Dream, and all his Senses lie.
 He thinks, yet doubts if he's possess'd of Thought ;
 Nay, even doubts his very Power to doubt.
 Ask him if he's a Man, or Beast, or Bird ;
 He cannot tell, upon his honest Word.
 'Tis strange, so plain a Point's so hard to prove ;
 I'll tell you what you are — a Fool, by *Jove*.

Another

Another Class of Disputants there are,
 More num'rous than the doubting Tribe by far,
 These are your Wanderers, who from the Point
 Run wild in loose Harangues, all out of Joint.
Vagarius, and confute him if you can,
 Will hold Debate with any mortal Man.
 He roves from *Genesis* to *Revelations*,
 And quite confounds you with divine Quotations.
 Should you affirm that *Adam* knew his Wife,
 And by that Knowledge lost the *Tree of Life*;
 He contradicts you, and in half an Hour
 Most plainly proves — *Pope Joan* the scarlet Whore.
 Nor Head nor Tail his Argument affords,
 A jumbling, incoherent Mass of Words;
 Most of them true, but so together tost
 Without Connection, that their Sense is lost.

But leaving these to rove, and those to doubt,
 Another Clan alarms us, face about :
 See, arm'd with grave Authority they come,
 And with great Names and Numbers strike us dumb.
 With these an Error ven'erable appears,
 For having been believ'd three thousand Years.
 Reason, nay common Sense, to Names must fall,
 And Strength of Argument's no Strength at all.
 But on, my Muse, tho' Multitudes oppose us,
 Alas ! Truth is not prov'd by counting Noses ;
 Nor fear, tho' antient Sages are subjoin'd ;
 A Lie's a Lie, tho' told by all Mankind.
 'Tis true, I love the Antients — but what then ?
Plato and *Aristotle* were but Men.
 I grant 'em wise — the Wisest disagree,
 And therefore no sufficient Guides for me.
 An Error, tho' by half the World espous'd,
 Is still an Error, and may be oppos'd ;
 And Truth, tho' much from mortal Eyes conceal'd,
 Is still the Truth, and may be more reveal'd.
 How foolish then will look your mighty Wife,
 Should half their *ipse dixits* prove plain Lies !

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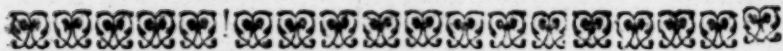
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But

But on, my Muse, another Tribe demands
 Thy Censure yet ; nor should they 'scape thy Hands.
 These are the Passionate ; who in Dispute,
 Demand Submission, Monarchs absolute.
 Sole Judges, in their own Conceit, of Wit,
 They damn all those for Fools that won't submit.
 Sir *Testy* (thwart Sir *Testy* if you dare)
 Swears there's Inhabitants in every Star.
 If you presume to say this may'nt be true,
 You lie, Sir, you're a Fool and Blockhead too.
 What he asserts, if any disbelieve,
 How Folks can be so dull he can't conceive.
 He knows he's right ; he knows his Judgment's clear ;
 But Men are so perverse they will not hear.
 With him, *Swift* treads a dull trite beaten Way ;
 In *Young* no Wit, no Humour smiles in *Gay* ;
 Nor Truth, nor Virtue, *Pope*, adorns thy Page ;
 And *Thompson's* LIBERTY corrupts the Age.
 This to deny, if any dare presume,
 Fool, Coxcomb, Sot, and Puppy fill the Room.
Hillario, who full well this Humour knows,
 Resolv'd one Day his Folly to expose,
 Kindly invites him with some Friends to dine,
 And entertains 'em with a roast *Sir loin* :
 Of this he knew Sir *Testy*, could not eat,
 And purposely prepar'd it for his Treat.
 'The rest begin——Sir *Testy*, pray fall to——
 You love roast Beef, Sir, come——I know you do.
 "Excuse me, Sir, 'tis what I never eat."
 How, Sir! not love roast Beef! The King of Meat!
 " 'Tis true indeed." Indeed it is not true ;
 I love it, Sir, and you must love it too.
 "I can't upon my Word." Then you're a Fool,
 And don't know what's good Eating, by my Soul.
 Not love roast Beef!——Come, come, Sirs, fill his Plate,
 I'll make him love it——Sir, G-d——ye, eat.
 Sir *Testy* finding what it was they meant,
 Rose in a Passion, and away he went.



*To the Dutcheſs of PORTLAND, on her
Marriage.*

F A M E now has ſounded far and wide,
That beauteous HARLEY, the fair Bride
Of generous PORTLAND is to ſhine,
And Heav'n approves the great Deſign.
All Joy attend the happy Pair !
O Muſe, thy choiceſt Song prepare,
At once thy juſt Devoirs to pay,
And aid the Mirth of that great Day.
But what to ſay ? — I can't proceed —
“ A pretty Compliment indeed !
“ Is HARLEY's Daughter to be wed ;
“ And can no handſome Thing be ſaid ?
A ſharp and juſt Reproof, I own ;
But tell me ——— What is to be done ?
She ſhines above our higheſt Praise,
Yet ſhuns the juſteſt, humbleſt Lays ;
And that's ſo very odd, you know,
A Poet knows not what to do.
I could, 'tis true, on this Occaſion,
Mount up to Heav'n, as 'tis the Faſhion ;
Make Goddeſſes to her ſubmit,
Venus in Beauty, *Pallas* Wit ;
A thouſand pretty Things run o'er,
Each ſaid a thouſand Times before ;
With all the Graces fill my Strains,
And then — be laugh'd at for my Pains.
No, no ; ſuch Common-place forbear,
There's no Occaſion for it here ;
Here Truth in plain and modeſt Words,
The fineſt Character affords ;
And juſt to print her as ſhe is,
Will be the faireſt, lovelieſt Piece.

But I forbear — I dare not try —
 Yet give me leave to prophesy.
 “ If Beauty, without Affectation,
 “ A Temper void of Heat or Passion ;
 “ If Modesty with Sweetness join’d,
 “ Not over-fond, yet ever kind ;
 “ A lively Wit, a Judgment clear ;
 “ A Soul good-natur’d and sincere ;
 “ A Breast with tenderest Passions warm,
 “ And every modest Art to charm ;
 “ If these are Blessings in a Wife,
 “ PORTLAND is blest ; is blest for Life.



*Mrs. PEARSE'S Salutation to her Garden in the
 Country.*

WELCOME, fair Scene ; welcome, thou lov'd
 Retreat,
 From the vain Hurry of the bustling Great.
 Here let me walk, or in this fragrant Bower,
 Wrap'd in calm Thought improve each fleeting Hour.
 My Soul, while Nature's Beauties feast mine Eyes,
 To Nature's God contemplative shall rise.

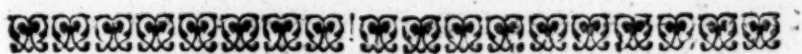
What are ye now, ye glittering, vain Delights,
 Which waste our Days, and rob us of our Nights ?
 What your Allurements ? What your fancy'd Joys ?
 Dress, Equipage, and Show, and Pomp, and Noise.
 Alas ! how tasteless these, how low, how mean,
 To the calm Pleasures of this rural Scene !

Come then, ye Shades, beneath your bending Arms
 Enclose the fond Admirer of your Charms ;
 Come then, ye Bowers, receive your joyful Guest,
 Glad to retire, and in Retirement blest ;

Come

Come, ye fair Flow'rs, and open ev'ry Sweet :
 Come, little Birds, your warbling Songs repeat.
 And O descend, to sweeten all the rest,
 Soft-smiling Peace, in white-rob'd Virtue drest ;
 Content unenvious, Ease with Freedom join'd :
 And Contemplation calm, with Truth refin'd :
 Deign but in this fair Scene with me to dwell,
 All Noise and Nonsense, Pomp and Show Farewel.

And see ! O see ! the Heav'n-born Train appear.
 Fix then, my Heart ; thy Happiness is here.



*To my Lord BEAUCHAMP, with a Collection of
 Stories.*

R ECEIVE, my Lord, these virtuous Tales,
 Adapted to your Age ;
 Virtue in noble Minds prevails,
 And early will engage.

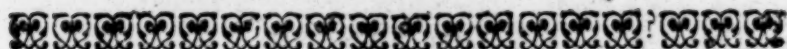
As Time, with † Dalton's Care combin'd,
 With Strength your Mind endues ;
 Sublimar Thoughts will Entrance find,
 And more extended Views.

These little Tales which once you priz'd,
 As Trifles then thrown by,
 Will lie forgotten, or despis'd ;
 Alas ! and shall not I ?

D 2

KITTY.

† Vid. *An Epistle to a young Nobleman.*



KITTY. *A Pastoral.*

I.

BENEATH a cool Shade, by the Side of a Stream,
Thus breath'd a fond Shepherd, his KITTY his
[Theme :
Thy Beauties comparing, my Dearest, said he,
There's nothing in Nature so lovely as thee.

II.

Tho' Distance divides us, I view thy dear Face,
And wander in Transport o'er every Grace ;
Now, now I behold thee, sweet-smiling and pretty,
O Gods ! you've made nothing so fair as my KITTY !

III.

Come, lovely Idea, come fill my fond Arms,
And whilst in soft Rapture I gaze on thy Charms,
The beautiful Objects which round me arise,
Shall yield to those Beauties that live in thine Eyes.

IV.

Now FLORA the Meads and the Groves does adorn,
With Flowers and Blossoms on every Thorn ;
But look on my KITTY ! — There sweetly does blow
A Spring of more Beauties than FLORA can show.

V.

V.

See, see how that Rose there adorns the gay Bush,
And proud of its Colour, would vie with her Blush.
Vain Boaster ! thy Beauties shall quickly decay,
She blushes — and see how it withers away.

VI.

Observe, that fair Lilly, the Pride of the Vale,
In Whiteness unrivall'd, now droop and look pale.
It sickens, and changes its beautiful Hue,
And bows down its Head in Submission to you.

VII.

The Zephyrs that fan me beneath the cool Shade,
When panting with Heat on the Ground I am laid,
Are less grateful and sweet than the heavenly Air
That breathes from her Lips when she whispers—*my dear.*

VIII.

I hear the gay Lark, as she mounts in the Skies,
How sweet are her Notes ! how delightful her Voice !
Go dwell in the Air, little Warbler, go !
I have Musick enough while my KITTY's below.

IX.

With Pleasure I watch the industrious Bee,
Extracting her Sweets from each Flower and Tree ;
Ah Fools ! thus to labour to keep you alive ;
Fly, fly to her Lips, and at once fill your Hive.

X.

See there, on the Top of that Oak, how the Doves
Sit brooding each other, and cooing their Loves :
Our Loves are thus tender, thus mutual our Joy,
When folded on each other's Bosom we lie.

XI.

It glads me to see how the pretty young Lambs
Are fondled, and cherish'd, and lov'd by their Dams :
The Lambs are less pretty, my dearest, than thee ;
Their Dams are less fond, nor so tender as me.

XII.

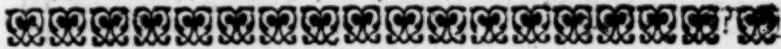
As I gaze on the River that smoothly glides by,
Thus even and sweet is her Temper, I cry ;
Thus clear is her Mind, thus calm and serene,
And Virtue, like Gems, at the Bottom are seen.

XIII.

Here various Flowers still paint the gay Scene,
And as some fade and die, others bud and look green ;
The Charms of my KERRY are constant as they ;
Her Virtues will bloom as her Beauties decay.

XIV.

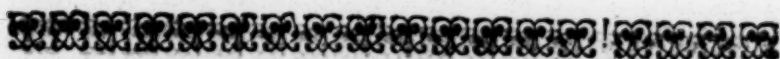
But in vain I compare her, here's nothing so bright,
And Darknefs approaches to hinder my Sight :
To Bed I will hasten, and there all her Charms,
In softer Ideas, I'll bring to my Arms.



On Good and Ill-Nature.

To Mr. P O P E.

IN Virtue's Cause to draw a daring Pen,
 Defend the Good, encounter wicked Men :
 Freely to praise the Virtues of the Few,
 And boldly censure the degenerate Crew :
 To scorn with equal Justice, to deride
 The poor Man's Worth, or sooth the great one's Pride :
 All this was once Good-nature thought, not Ill ;
 Nay, some there are so odd to think so still.
 Old-fashion'd Souls ! your Men of modern Taste,
 Are with new Virtue, new Politeness grac'd.
 Good-nature now has chang'd her honest Face,
 For smiling Flattery, Compliment, Grimace :
 Fool grins at Fool, each Coxcomb owns his Brother,
 And Thieves and Sharpers compliment each other.
 To such Extent Good-nature now is spread,
 To be sincere is monstrously ill-bred :
 An equal Brow to all is now the Vogue,
 And Complaisance goes round from Rogue to Rogue.
 If This be Good——'tis gloriously true,
 The most Ill-natur'd Man alive, is Y O U.

RELIGION. *A Simile.*

I'M often drawn to make a Stop,
 And gaze upon a Picture-shop.
 There have I seen (as who that tarries
 Has not the same ?) a Head that varies,
 And as in diff'rent Views expos'd,
 A different Figure is disclosed.
 This Way a Fool's Head is express'd,
 Whose very Count'nance is a Jest;
 Such as were formerly at Court,
 Kept to make wiser People Sport.
 Turn it another Way, you'll have
 A Face ridiculously grave,
 Something betwixt the Fool and Knave.
 Again, but alter the Position,
 You're frighted with the Apparition :
 A hideous threatening Gorgon Head
 Appears, enough to fright the Dead.
 But place it in its proper Light,
 A lovely Face accosts the Sight;
 Our Eyes are charm'd with every Feature;
 We own the whole a beauteous Creature.

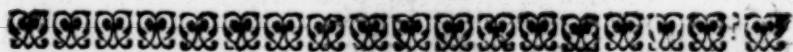
Thus true Religion fares. For when
 By silly, or designing Men,
 In false or foolish Lights 'tis plac'd,
 'Tis made a Bugbear, or a Jest.
 Here by a Set of Men 'tis thought
 A Scheme, by Politicians wrought,
 To strengthen and enforce the Law,
 And keep the Vulgar more in Awe :
 And these, to shew sublimer Parts,
 Cast all Religion from their Hearts ;
 Brand all its Vor'ries as the Tools
 Of Priests, and Politicians Fools.

Some

Some view it in another Light,
 Less wicked, but as foolish quite :
 And these are such as blindly place it
 In Superstitions that disgrace it ;
 And think the Essence of it lies
 In ceremonious Fooleries :
 In Points of Faith and Speculation,
 Which tend to nothing but Vexation.
 With these it is a heinous Crime
 To cough or spit in Sermon-time ;
 'Tis worse to whistle on a *Sunday*,
 Than cheat their Neighbours on a *Monday* :
 To dine without first saying Grace, is
 Enough to lose in Heaven their Places :
 But Goodness, Honesty, and Virtue,
 Are what they've not the least Regard to.

Others there are, and not a few,
 Who place it in the Bugbear View !
 Think it consists in strange Severities ;
 In Fastings, Weepings, and Austerities.
 False Notions their weak Minds possess,
 Of Faith, and Grace, and Holiness :
 And as the Lord's of purer Eyes
 Than to behold Iniquities ;
 They think, unless they're pure and spotless,
 All their Endeavours will be bootless,
 And dreadful Furies *In æternum*,
 In unconsuming Fires will burn 'em.

But, O how happy are the Few,
 Who place it in its proper View !
 To these it shines divinely bright,
 No Clouds obscure its Native Light ;
 Truth stamps Conviction in the Mind ;
 All Doubts and Fears are left behind,
 And Peace and Joy at once an Entrance find.



The Cave of POPE. A Prophecy.

WHEN dark Oblivion in her sable Cloak
 Shall wrap the Names of Heroes and of Kings ;
 And their high Deeds, submitting to the Stroke
 Of Time, shall fall amongst forgotten Things ;

Then (for the Muse that distant Day can see)
 On *Thames's* Bank the Stranger shall arrive,
 With curious Wish thy sacred Grott to see,
 Thy sacred Grott shall with thy Name survive.

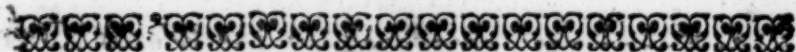
Grateful Posterity, from Age to Age,
 With pious Hand the Ruin shall repair :
 Some good old Man, to each enquiring Sage
 Pointing the Place, shall cry, *The Bard liv'd there.*

Whose Song was Music to the listening Ear,
 Yet taught audacious Vice and Folly Shame ;
 Easy his Manners, but his Life severe ;
 His Word alone gave Infamy or Fame.

Sequester'd from the Fool, and Coxcomb-Wit,
 Beneath this silent Roof the Muse he found ;
 'Twas here he slept inspir'd, or fate and writ,
 Here with his Friends the social Glass went round.

With awful Veneration shall they trace
 The Steps which thou so long before hast trod ;
 With reverend Wonder view the solemn Place,
 From whence thy Genius soar'd to Nature's God.

Then, some small Gem, or Moss, or shining Ore,
 Departing, each shall pilfer, in fond Hope
 To please their Friends, on every distant Shore,
 Boasting a Relick from the Cave of POPE.

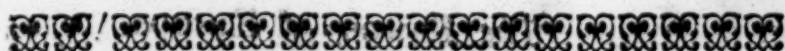


The progress of LOVE.

A S O N G.

Beneath the Myrtle's secret Shade,
 When *Delia* blest my Eyes ;
 At first I view'd the lovely Maid
 In silent soft Surprise.
 With trembling Voice, and anxious Mind,
 I softly whisper'd Love ;
 She blush'd a Smile so sweetly kind,
 Did all my Fears remove.

Her lovely yielding Form I prest,
 Sweet maddening Kisses stole ;
 As soon her swimming Eyes confess
 The Wishes of her Soul :
 In wild tumultuous Bliss, I cry'd,
 O *Delia* now be kind !
 She prest me close, and with a Sigh,
 To melting Joys resign'd.



S O N G.

MA N's a poor deluded Bubble,
 Wand'ring in a Mist of Lies,
 Seeing false, or seeing double,
 Who would trust to such weak Eyes ?
 Yet presuming on his Senses,
 On he goes most wond'rous wise :
 Doubts of Truth, believes Pretences ;
 Lost in Error, lives and dies.

*An EPIGRAM, occasioned by the Words ONE
PRIOR, in the Second Volume of Bishop
Burnet's History.*

ONE PRIOR! ——— and is this, this all the Fame
The Poet from th' Historian can claim?
No; *Prior's* Verse Posterity shall quote,
When 'tis forgot ONE BURNET ever wrote.

An EPIGRAM.

CRIES *Sylvia* to a Reverend Dean,
What Reason can be given,
Since Marriage is a Holy Thing,
That there are none in Heaven?

There are no Women, he reply'd.

She quick returns the Jest ———
Women there are, but I'm afraid
They cannot find a Priest.

The KINGS of Europe.

A JEST.

WHY pray, of late, do *Europe's* Kings
No Jester in their Courts admit?
They're grown such stately solemn Things,
To bear a Joke they think not fit.
But tho' each Court a Jester lacks,
To laugh at Monarchs to their Face;
All Mankind behind their Backs
Supply the honest Jester's Place.

F I N I S.



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